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Poetry.

PRAYER OF THE BETHROTHED.

Lady in the St. Louis Union, over the signa-
ture of Inez, portrays her thoughts in the follow-
ing beautiful verses, on the eve of her
marriage.

Father, I come before thy throne,
With low and bended knee,
To thank thee, with a grateful tone,
For all thy love to me.
Forgive me if my heart, this hour,
I give not all to thee,
For deep affection's mighty power
Divides it now with me.

Thou knowest, Father, every thought
That wakes within my breast,
And how this heart has vainly sought
To keep its love suppressed.
Yet when the idol, worshipped one,
Sits finally by my side,
And breathes the vows I cannot shun,
To me, his destined bride—
Forgive me, if the loving kiss
He leaves upon my brow,
Is thought of in an hour like this,
And thills me even now.
He's chosen me to be his love
And comfort through life;
Enable me, O God, to prove
A loving, faithful wife.

He knows not, Father, all the deep
Affections I control—
The thousand low thoughts that sweep
Restless o'er my soul.
He knows not each deep fount of love
That gushes warm and free;
Nor can he ever, ever prove
My warm idolatry.

Then guard him, Father—round his way
And tender blessings cast,
Thy choicest and successive day
Still happier than the last.
And Father, grant us so to live,
That, when this life is o'er,
Within the happy home that'll give,
We'll meet to part no more.

LOVE AND POVERTY.

The e'er sorrow for the tending poor,
On misery's bosom nursed;
Rich robes for ragged souls, and crowns
For branded brows, Cain-cursed!
But cherubim, with clasping wings,
Even about us be,
And happiest of God's happy things,
There's love for us and me!

Agriculture.

SOIL-CULTURE.—The atmosphere at all
mes contains a large amount of moisture,
withstanding the extreme heat and ap-
parent dryness, and when this atmosphere
comes in contact with surfaces materially
cooler than itself, it will deposit moisture
upon them. Thus a pitcher filled with
cold water, will receive the moisture of
the atmosphere in a condensed form on its
outside. Any metallic substance taken from
an ice-house, and placed in the sun beam
even at twelve o'clock at noon, will soon
be covered with drops of water abstracted
from the atmosphere and condensed upon
its colder surface, and so it is with the
soil where disintegration has occurred,
the atmosphere can fully circulate in the
soil to such a depth as to find particles
cooler than itself, and on the surface of
these particles its moisture is deposited.
It is for this reason that thoroughly sub-
soiled and properly under-drained farms
never suffer from drought. Occasionally
we find a farmer who has skated a subsoil
plough through the bottom of a four, five,
or six inch furrow, without entering it to
any material depth, and imagines that he
has subsoiled his land. Such operators
suffer from drought; and it is among such
only that those are to be found who con-
tradict our assertions on this subject.—
Where under-drains exist (and they
should exist in soils which are naturally
wet before sub-soiling shall be com-
menced,) there is another source besides
the entrance of atmosphere from the sur-
face, for the reception of moisture; for it
will be remembered that the atmosphere
circulates through these drains, and so
upward through the soil, supplying by such
circulation, not only moisture, but many
other conditions necessary to induce the
chemical changes which are continually
going on under favorable circumstances,
among the ultimates of the soil, rendering
them proper food for plants. At any rate,
the fact that our own farm, and many oth-
ers similarly treated, do not suffer from
drought, is a sufficient reply to all theoretic-
al cavilers. True theory is always in
accordance with fact, and this fact is con-
firmed by the many that go to establish the
age, that nature's laws are always the
same.—U. S. Magazine.

Selected Tale.

Death of Little Mary Morgan.

BY T. S. ARTHUR.

"Father! father!" the clear, earnest
voice of Mary was heard calling.
"I'm coming, dear," answered Morgan.
"Come quick, father, won't you?"
"Yes, love." And Morgan got up and
dressed himself—but with unsteady hands
and every sign of nervous prostration.
In a little while, with the assistance of his
wife, he was ready, and supported by her,
came tottering in to the room where Mary
was lying.

"Oh! father!"—What a light broke
over her countenance—'I've been waiting
for you so long I thought you were never
going to wake up. Kiss me, father.'"
"What can I do for you, Mary?" asked
Morgan, tenderly, as he laid his face down
upon the pillow beside her.

"Nothing, father. I don't wish for any-
thing. I only wanted to see you."

"I'm here, now love."

"Dear father!" How earnestly, yet
tenderly she spoke, laying her small hand
upon his face.

"You've always been good to me, fa-
ther—"

"Oh! no. I've never been good to
anybody," sobbed the weak, broken-spirited
man, as he raised himself from the pillow.

How deeply touched was Mrs. Slade as
she sat, the silent witness of the scene.

"You haven't been good to yourself, fa-
ther but you have always been good to us."

"Don't Mary! don't say anything about
that," interposed Morgan. "Say that I
have been very bad—very wicked. Oh! I
wish I was dead!"

And the weak, trembling, half-paralyzed
man laid his face again upon the pillow
beside his child, and sobbed aloud.

What an oppressive silence reigned for
a time through the room!

"Father!" The stillness was broken
by Mary. Her voice was clear and even.

"Father, I want to tell you something."

"There'll be nobody to go for you, fa-
ther."

The child's lips quivered, and tears now
filled her eyes.

"Don't talk about that, Mary. I'm not
going out in the evening any more until
you get well. Don't you remember, I
promised?"

"But father—!" She hesitated.

"What, dear?"

"I'm going away to leave you and
mother."

"Oh! no—no—no, Mary! Don't say
that—the poor man's voice was broken—
don't say that! We can't let you go,
dear."

"God has called me."

The child's voice had a solemn tone,
and her eyes turned reverently upward.

"I wish he would call me!" groaned
Morgan, hiding his face in his hands.

"What shall I do when you are gone?"
Oh! dear! Oh! dear!"

"Father!" Mary spoke calmly again.

"You are not ready to go yet. God will
let you live here longer, that you may get
ready."

"How can I get ready without you to
help me, Mary? My angel child!"

"Has't at I tried to help you, father, oh!
so many times?" said Mary.

"Yes—yes—you've always tried."

"But it was not any use. You would go
out—you would go to the tavern. It
seemed almost as if you couldn't help it."

Morgan groaned in spirit.

"Maybe I can help you better, father,
after I die. I love you so much, that I am
sure God will let me come to you, and stay
with you always, and be an angel to you.
Don't you think he will mother?"

But Mrs. Morgan's heart was too full—
She did not even try to answer, but sat,
with streaming eyes, gazing upon her
child's face.

"Father I dreamed something about you
while I slept to-day."

Mary again turned to her father.

"What was it dear?"

"I thought it was night and that I was
still sick. You promised not to go out any
more until I was well. But you did go
out, and I thought you went over to Mr.
Slade's tavern. When I knew this, I felt
as strong as when I was well, and I got up
and dressed myself, and started out after
you. But I had't gone far before I met
Mr. Slade's great bull-dog, Nero; and he
growled at me so dreadfully that I was
frightened and ran back home. Then I
started again, and went round by Mr. Ma-
son's. But there was Nero in the road,
and this time he caught my dress in his
mouth and tore a great piece out of the
skirt. I ran back again, and he chased
me all the way home. Just as I got to the
door, I looked around and there was Mr.

Slade setting Nero on me. As soon as I
saw Mr. Slade, though he looked at me
very wicked, I lost all my fear, and, turn-
ing around I walked past Nero, who showed
his teeth and growled as fiercely as ever
but didn't touch me. Then Mr. Slade
tried to stop me. But I didn't mind him,
and kept right on until I came to the ta-
vern, and there you stood in the door. And
we were dressed so nice. You had on a
new hat and coat; and your boots were
new and polished just like Judge Ham-
mond's. I said "O father, is this you?"—
And then you took me up in your arms and
kissed me, and said, "Yes Mary, I am
your real father—not old Joe Morgan, but
Mr. Morgan now." It seemed all so
strange and I looked into the bar room to
see who was there. But 'twas't a bar-
room any longer, but a store full of goods.
The sign of the Sheaf and Sickle was
taken down; and over the door I now read
you name, father. Oh, I was so glad, and
then I awoke and then I cried all to myself
it was only a dream."

The last of these words were said very
mournfully, with a drooping of Mary's lids,
until the tear-gemmed lash lay close upon
her cheeks. Another period of deep silence
followed; for the oppressed listeners gave
no utterance to what was in their hearts.
Feeling was too strong for speech. Nearly
five minutes glided away, and then Mary
whispered the name of her father, but with-
out opening her eyes.

Morgan answered, and bent down his
ear.

"You will only have mother left," she
said—"only mother. And she cries so
much when you are away."

"I won't leave her, Mary, only when I
go to work, said Morgan, whispering close
to the child. "and I'll never go out at
night any more."

"Yes, you promised me that."

"And I'll promise more."

"What, father?"

"Never to go into a tavern again."

"Never?"

"No, never. And I'll promise still
more."

"Father?"

"Never to drink a drop of liquor as long
as I live."

"O father! dear, dear father!"

And with a cry of joy Mary started up,
and flung herself upon his breast. Morgan
drew his arms tightly around her, and sat
for a long time with his lips pressed to her
cheek, whilst she lay against his bosom as
still as death. As death? Yes; for when
the father unclasped his arms, the spirit of
his child was with angels of the resurrec-
tion.

From "Matrimonial Shipwreck."

Pleasant Matrimonial Scene.

BY MRS. MAILLARD.

"Your toilette is completed, is it not?"
asked Sir Philip, entering his wife's dress-
ing-room some moments after the events
just recorded; for Kate had been summon-
ed, long before Marian, quitted her medi-
tations at the window, to commence dress-
ing for dinner.

"Quite," was the brief reply.

"Then your maid can be dispensed with, I
presume? I wish to speak to you."

"Justine, you may go," Kate quietly
said without condescending to answer him?

And as the door closed, she dropped into
an easy chair, which she drew towards the
fire for though the day had been delightful
for out-of-door exercise, the September eve-
ning felt chilly, and with her pretty feet
encased in a black satin boot on the fender,
she sat quite prepared for anything he
might please to utter.

When a man sees his wife taking things
coolly, he is sorely puzzled how to get on
with his haranguer. He walked up and
down the room a few moments, during
which time she sat perfectly composed.

"Did you speak?" said she at last, re-
solved at any risk to break the unpleasant
silent preface.

"I am going to do so, and seriously,"
was his reply, taking a chair opposite to
her, but without approaching the fire in a
comfortable sort of way, as when two are
going to indulge a cosy chat. No, he sat
cold and apart one arm on the table, look-
ing at her. She half turned around, with
a saucy but quiet case of manner, as if to
say, "Now let us begin, and see who is
the winner?"

"I wish to lay a case before you for your
quiet judgment," he said at last.

"I have to thank you for esteeming my
judgment of sufficient weight to do so,"
was her answer.

"A lady, a foolish sentimental idiot of a
woman, old enough to have known bet-
ter—"

"I don't think wisdom always increases
with age, it grows very owl and stupid
sometimes? that is probably why that bird
is chosen to represent it," she placidly
interrupted.

"Allow me to continue without your very
 witty observations until the end."

"I beg your pardon, I thought you were
going to amuse me with some piquante

anecdote! seeing my mistake, I will listen
in tranquil stolidity of intellect to your
tale of some old woman, who, I presume
lived in her shoe."

"Your insolence, lady Montgomery, will
not divert me from a duty, however pain-
ful," burst from him at last.

She merely shrugged her shoulders, and
he continued:

"A lady, some few years since, was silly
enough, from some absurd idea of feminin-
izing her son's too robust mind, to throw
him into the society of his tutor's daughter?
In fact they were domiciled for a length of
time together. The lady was sufficiently
——I really can scarcely find a term
to qualify her blindness."

"Call it arrant folly," she interrupted.
"Well, then, (I see you can assist me!)
call it so? she was mad, foolish enough to
suppose that a merely brotherly, sisterly
affection would be the result."

"Mad, indeed!" uttered this reckless
woman.

He continued, affecting not to hear, but
his colour changed: "Time flew on-
wards, and this girl was thrown into the
society of an honorable man, who—pitying
her state, bereft of a mother's care with a
sick, helpless father, and, it must be admit-
ted not at all unselfish, for he had a feeling
nearly akin to love for her; one that might
have ripened to that—married her."

Kate, with a perfect composure, stooped
and secured the lace of her *dradguin*.

"Instead," he continued, raising his
tone, in deep indignation at her coolness,
"of any feeling of gratitude on her part, no
sooner his wife than she commenced a
series of acts, a combination of heartless-
ness and want of all respect for herself
or her injured husband, in every way com-
promising herself with the companion of
her girlhood."

"How atrociously ill you tell a story,
my dear Sir Philip!" impatiently. "You
make one quite nervous with your 'A lady,'
'The tutor's daughter,' 'The son.' Pray
dot your *Es* and cross your *Es*! Give us
names! or, shall I fill up the blanks?"

What do you say, for example, to Mrs.
Adair, 'Richard,' 'Kate Bateman,' and the
injured husband—why, 'Sir Philip Mont-
gomery!' and she laughed sarcastically.

"By heavens, madame, your cool daring
makes me question your sanity. But as
you have chosen the names, under their
banners we will discuss the point. And I,
Sir Philip, tell Kate Bateman that—"

"Stop, Sir Philip!" she cried, rising
with dignity, and leaning one arm on the
mantelpiece—"I am Lady Montgomery
now whatever I was;—and if you forget
my title—permit me to tell you, you have
little right to complain if I, censuring to
remember it, for one happy hour dream I
am Kate Bateman."

He strove to speak, but she waved her
hand almost imperiously, and continued—
"You are not perfectly correct in your
version of this tale. Sir Philip found,
sought, pursued Kate Bateman into her
humble home her exertions had created for
a sick father; he drew her into public,
wooed her with professions of affection,
which she felt from gratitude she should
learn to return tenfold—for she believed
him. Well, then, they married, and all her
powers were exerted to make him a return
for the affection which she deemed he'd
selected her from all others, to share his
title and fortune. All was seemingly bright
around her. When she looked upon her
father's improved state she blessed the
author? when her husband was absent, she
watched his return, to meet him with the
happy thoughts her heart had gathered
from memories of his kindness." Her
voice grew low and trembling as she ut-
tered these words. Recovering herself, she
hastily added, fixing her gaze in stern cold-
ness on the motionless listener—
"Now, let us see the reverse of this pic-
ture. Scarcely have they reentered society
together, when she hears the whispered or
loud buzz around her of 'Sir Philip married
her *pique*, because Mariam Lincoln
rejected him with scorn!" and, in proof of
the sincerity of the world's words this once,
his wife is slighted for Miss Lincoln, spok-
en coldly or harshly to; does she wear a
color or dress to please him she is counselled
to model herself after a heartless, unprin-
ciple flirt, who refused the man's honorable
offers to receive the homage of his dishon-
orable overtures! Now Sir Philip, you
read the true version, may it please and
benefit you!"

"Benefit me, madame! in what?"

"By showing you what you have lost,
and—"

"What I may lose?"

"The future I presume not to read."

"I am not surprised at the attack you
have made on a virtuous, amiable girl;
too often we seek to abuse others to our
own level!"

"Have a care Sir Philip," she scorn-
fully said, "or your words may make me
out of pure love of truth, not stamp you
liar!"

"He sprang up—"Do you dare," he
said with violence, "deny your affection
for Adair?"

"Not more than you, your love for Miss
Lincoln—with this difference, however:
Mine is the affection which has grown
with me, ivy round my heart, to quote an
old simile, and that heart—calk; strong to
cherish and sustain it, lest it should trail,
perchance in the dust, at the feet of a—
Miss Lincoln! Had example is contagious;
we should employ antidotes against poi-
sons!"

"And for this exalted, romantic idea,
my name is to be a mark of scorn!"

"Hush! hush! Sir Philip," she proudly
cried, "your name will gain lustre by
being attached to a cause more worthy
than deceiving one woman in marriage,
and now openly endeavoring to seduce
another."

"I forbid your familiarity with Mr.
Adair, and I command you to cease call-
ing him 'Richard'; these are low, vulgar
habits I insist upon Lady Montgomery's
correcting; with these to stamp her, it is
not wonderful I hear ever buzzing in my
ears, the reproach of having married a mere
tutor's daughter!"

"And pray Heaven you may never hear
a bitterer reproach for having married
her!" cried the exasperated, galled woman,
bitter contempt in her look and tone;
"pray you may never yourself drive her to
bing a slur on your name, which your gen-
erous action would have ennobled, in
marrying a poor girl, had you treated her
kindly. I grieve that the malignant envy
of others, in reproaching me with my
father's honest labor, has made you so nar-
row in mind. Pity it is that my father had
not been your tutor; he would have, per-
haps, instilled into your heart some of
those noble precepts of uprightness, the
want of which now forces his child to de-
spise you!"

Without glancing again at him, she
quitted the room with a quiet composure,
which left Sir Philip in anything but a
state of perfect peace with his conscience.

It is very unsafe to go into court with-
out what lawyers term "clean hands."

FASHION.

The ladies are dressing wonderfully this
season, we perceive. Bonnets continue to
retreat toward the "small of the back,"
and have already reached the back of the
neck. They are smaller than ever, consist-
ing of a mere dab of flowers and ribbons
pinned to what ladies term their "back
hair." They are not decorated; they are
all decoration—and when they do not
dangle with tails of ribbon, they quiver
with wiry flowers, or wave with plumes.

The patterns for dresses, on the contrary,
are vast and showy enough to set off a
race of gigantesques.

Oh! ladies, ladies, why will you sub-
mit to be so relentlessly tyrannized over
by the empress Eugenie's milliner? We
really believe, that if the said empress's
empress should act upon Mr. Panch's hint,
and ordain that Eugenie should have her
bonnet carried six feet behind her by a
footman, there are ladies in New York
who would hasten to copy the fashions
with the strictest fidelity. But remon-
strance is of no avail. Women dress for
women, not for men. An article of dress
may be monstrously unbecoming, but the
fair wearer thereof will silence every
male objection by simply asserting, that
so it is worn—which is precisely the rea-
son why a lady of taste should discard it.

A HOME ANECDOTE.

The following anecdote should be pasted
up in every homestead. It is a sermon
worth listening to:—

"A Bridegroom requested his wife to
accompany him into the garden a day or
two after the wedding. He then threw
a line over the roof of their cottage.
Giving his wife one end of it, he re-
treated to the other side, and exclaimed,
"Pull the line!" She pulled it at his re-
quest as far as she could. He cried, "Pull
it over!" "I can't," she replied. "Pull
with all your might!" he shouted the whim-
sical husband. But in vain were all the
efforts of the bride to pull over the line, so
long as the husband held on the opposite
end. But when he came round, and they
both pulled at one end, it came over with
great ease. "There," said he, "you see
how hard and ineffectual was our labor
when we pulled in opposition to each other;
but how easy and pleasant it is when we
both pull together. If we oppose each
other it will be hard work; if we act to-
gether, it will be pleasant to live. Let us,
therefore pull together."

THE WIFE.

It needs no guilt to break a husband's
heart. The absence of content, the mutter-
ing of spleen, the untidy dress and cheerless
home, the forbidding scowl, and deserted
hearth—these and other nameless negliges,
without a crime among them, have har-
rowed to the quick, the heart's core of
many a man, and planted there, beyond
the reach of cure, the germ of dark de-
spair. Oh! may woman, before the sight
arrives, dwell on the recollections of her
youth, and cherishing the dear idea of
that tuneful time, awake and keep alive
the promise she so kindly gave.

Historical.

MEMOIR OF RHODE ISLAND. 1647.

It is ordered, that in regard of the
many incursions that we are subjected unto
and that an alarm for the giving of notice
thereof is necessary when occasion is offer-
ed. It is agreed that this form be observed
viz: three muskets distinctly discharged
and a Herald appointed to go speedily
through the town and cry alarm, alarm,
and the drums to beat incessantly upon
which all to repair (upon forfeiture as the
town Council shall order) unto the town
House there to receive information of the
town Council, what is further to be done.

It is ordered and agreed that if any per-
son or persons shall sell, give, deliver or
any other ways convey any powder, shot,
lead, gun, pistol, sword, dagger, halberd
or pike to the Indians that are or may
prove offensive to this colony or any mem-
ber thereof, he or they for the first offence
shall forfeit the sum of £5 and for his
second offence offending in the same kind
and being lawfully convicted shall forfeit
£10 half to the State and half to him that
will sue for it, and no wages of law by
any means to be allowed to the offender
and it is further ordered that if any per-
son shall mend or repair their guns—
he shall forfeit the same penalty.

It is ordered that the town officers shall
give their engagements in their several
towns to the general officer in that town
before they execute their office.

It is ordered that if the Indians shall
offer to put away upon exchange or barter
their false pegs for good and warrants it
be found otherwise it shall be confiscated
to the public treasury.

It is ordered that every town shall have
a copy of the laws and orders, and that
each town shall pay for their copy, and
also that the Council for the towns shall
order the fees for their officers, and the
general officers shall order the fees of the
general officers provided that nothing al-
ready concluded in the bulk of laws be any
ways crossed or evaded.

It will be perceived by the 21st act
of the body of freemen that a tax was as-
sessed on the three towns to compensate
Mr. Williams for his service to the colony,
of £100, which was apportioned £50 for
Newport, £30 for Portsmouth, and £20
for Providence, by which we find Newport
was estimated one and (the Island) New-
port and Portsmouth four fifths of the
strength of the colony at that time.

Newport though settled last of the three
had risen with such rapidity that in the
space of eight years she had arrived at
such a degree of wealth and strength as to
be equal to both the other two. Many
houses were built at that time, some
wharves, and commercial pursuits on a
small scale began to occupy the attention
of the settlers. A water mill for grinding
corn was erected on the lot below where
the jail now stands, one of the mill stones
now lies as a step stone in the neighbor-
hood. The town of Newport then took the
lead in the colony as to wealth and strength
and influence, and her citizens were the
most forward in establishing Government
and order in the whole province under the
charter then recently obtained from the
Lords commissioners of the admiralty.

Mrs. Bloomer on the "Fashions."

The Lily, Mrs. Bloomer's paper, copy-
ing the latest Paris fashions, adds the sub-
joined.

"We could never see anything pretty in
a woman's swell out from her lips to her
feet like a hoghead, or big-bottomed
churn but even this fashion is preferable,
in some respects, to wearing a dress some
twelve or fifteen inches too long, so that it
employs both hands to hold it up in front
to prevent the foot becoming entangled in
it, while behind it is suffered to drag
through all the mud, filth and tobacco
juice that accumulates on the street, and
make to itself fringe and tassels of all the
weeds and straw with which it comes in
contact. Some sort of a change is very
desirable, and if it is to be the hoop fash-
ion of our grandmothers, so let it be. It
certainly cannot be less sensible than the
present style."

Why are stages that run from Saratoga
to Niagara, like the summer months? Be-
cause they go between the Springs and the
Falls.

When does a young lady wish to win
more than seven beaus at once? When
she wishes to *facciate* (fasten eight.)

"Mother, tells about the angry waves of
the ocean. Now what makes the ocean
get angry?" "Because they have been
crossed so often, my son."

Hezekiah says that if his landlady knew
beans

122. R. J. TAYLOR